



## Six Hundred Chicagoans Have Their Hammers Out

CHICAGO.—Six hundred grim Chicago toilers have their hammers out for Mr. Howard. Mr. Howard knows they have their hammers out for him, for he sold them the hammers. At Sixty-third and Halsted a man stood with his hammer. It was a bright new hammer, magnified so as to hold a tack for insertion into a placard or other material standing in need of tacking. Another man with exactly the same kind of a hammer came along.



"Morning," said the first hammer man. "I see you got you a hammer, too."

"Yep," said the second hammer man. "Seems like it'll be a late spring." Other men with other hammers came, and pretty soon there were many men with many hammers. And simultaneously this same program was being carried on in Milwaukee avenue and in several spots in the loop.

It grew late in the morning. The clans grew nervous. Then suspicious. Then a vast effulgence burst upon them.

The troop nearest the Clark street station got there first. The next troop got there next, and so on. At the central station the same formula was adhered to.

"We've been hooked," said about thirty-eight voices in unison.

"One at a time," said the sergeant. "Who hooked you?"

"I read an ad in a newspaper," said one brandishing his new magnetic tack hammer.

"So did I," howled his fellows, each also brandishing a new magnetic tack hammer.

"The ad," continued the orator of the day, "read: 'Wanted—20 men, eighteen to twenty-two years old, for outdoor work; must have \$1 to purchase necessary tool; no cigarette smokers wanted.' I went to see this feller at 331 River street."

"So did I," yelled the chorus.

"I gave him a buck for this tack hammer and he told me to show up for work Monday and tack cards for the Wendt Soap company of Cincinnati."

"So did I," yelled his compatriots.

"I think Howard is Wendt," said the speaker.

"You mean 'has went' I think," corrected the sergeant.

Howard, who had hired some 600 tackers and sold each one a \$1 hammer, folded his tin garage and eased off into the night. A. M. Perry, who had been engaged as private secretary, was holding the bag with little or no enthusiasm and no wages.

## New Yorker Plans to Fly to His Office Daily

NEW YORK.—Edward West Browning, constructor of skyscrapers and self-confessed "nut on modernity," is shortly to fly to business and back daily. Frequently Mrs. Browning expects to fly with him. Fancy Mr. Browning as he lights his breakfast cigar, saying:

"James, is the flying machine ready?"

"Motor humming, thank you, sir."

Then James assists him into his puttees and belted jacket, cap and goggles and he will go up to the roof of the 29-story Orvis apartment house on West Eighty-first street, where he lives, and mounts his winged carrier.

In about a minute's swooping-if everything goes well—he will land on the roof of the 30-story World Tower building of his construction, at 110 West Fortieth street, and be busy at his desk within two minutes of the time of lighting his after-breakfast cigar a mile away.

Of course, considerable of a risk is required from which to get the proper scuttling start for the monoplane or biplane. This Mr. Browning possesses. He has a ten-year lease of the entire top floor of the Orvis and the roof, too.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Browning. "That's exactly what I intend to do—fly to business and back every day. Anyway, every pleasant day. Why not? I can see no insuperable difficulties in the way."

"In the first place, I have ample room for a safe starting point, and the trip from my home to the World Tower building roof would be almost entirely over Central park."

"The only thing in the way of an immediate beginning is that I shall wait till the weather becomes more pleasant and until I am more thoroughly trained in flying."

"My wife, who is as enthusiastic as I am over the project, and I have been on several flights and have begun a course of instruction at the aviation field at Hempstead, L. I., and, anyway, to ward off all objections to granting me a permit to ride my latest modern hobby as high in the air as I want to, I'll engage an expert aviator for chauffeur, if that is demanded."

Transport Deer Defeated the Battleship Pup

PHILADELPHIA.—Jerry is something like the paper reserve fleet, of which he is a proud and haughty unit. He looks formidable, but life on a ship that always is tied to a dock has crippled his efficiency as a fighter. French bulldogs of aristocratic parentage must have a scrap now and then to keep in trim, just like the jockies.

Billy is of lowly birth, and his culture isn't worth talking about. But he has a battery of two short, sharp horns and four equally sharp hoofs, and while he's not inviting war, he's ready for a defensive campaign. Billy is a Mexican deer.

They met on the plot of green alongside the dock where the battleship Alabama is moored, in the Philadelphia navy yard. The battle lasted fifteen minutes. Three well-placed shots from the hoof batteries caught Jerry amidships, and before he could recover the horn battery got into action, tossing him aside long enough to allow Billy to make a strategic—and perfectly safe—retreat.

Jerry, crestfallen, limped back to the Alabama, where he is the prize mascot, and Billy, triumphant, swaggered up the gang plank of the transport Hancock, where he is more prized than ever.

Just what led to the fight the jockies don't know. But they suspect that a friendly nod on the head by Rear Admiral Helm as he left the Alabama a short time before stirred the pride of Jerry and made him think he was invincible.

At any rate, Jerry became more belligerent than ever, and when Billy, contentedly munching grass, approached the Alabama Jerry opened hostilities without the formality of a declaration.

Jerry is owned by Lieutenant Commander Nelson, who commanded the submarine in which Colonel Roosevelt, when president, made an undersea trip.

## Atlanta's Plan to Curb Long-Winded Ministers

ATLANTA.—The Rotary club has discovered how to abbreviate a minister's sermons. Give him a cake of ice to hold as long as he talks. It proved successful in the cases of Rev. Thomas Henry Johnston, the new rector of St. Philip's cathedral and Rev. Richard Orme Flinn, pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian church, who received the "coldest" reception of their lives at a recent Rotary meeting.

Doctor Johnson, a guest of honor, was called upon for a speech. He got to his feet. Lee Jordan, president of the club, handed him a huge cake of ice, with instructions to hold it in both hands as long as he spoke.

The minister was game. With the dripping cake in his palms he proceeded: "This is the coldest reception I have had since coming to Atlanta—"

Then came Doctor Flinn's turn.

He was even gamer. He stood upon a chair, where the chilly spectacle would be denied to none. Maliciously, he held the leaky cake over the head of Preston Arkwright. His palms were almost congealed, but he had outdone his newcoming brother, Doctor Johnson, by two minutes.

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## NEW FRENCH AIR HERO IS IDOL OF THE NATION

George Guynemer, Successor to Pegoud, Garros and Guilbert, Is Called "Fokker Killer."

## WORK ATTRACTS ATTENTION

Wonderful Skill in Aerial Strategy Makes Guynemer a Dangerous Opponent—Is Son of Soldier, but Has Difficult Time Getting in Service.

Paris.—France has a new air hero in the person of George Guynemer, sergeant pilot. He has just had the rare distinction of being mentioned in the French official communication, and all France is talking of him and his exploits.

For the first time a machine mounted by a successful aviator has a popular name, for both Guynemer and his aeroplane are becoming household words, the latter being called "le vieux Charles." The hero is popularly known as the "Fokker Killer."

For brilliancy of action only three French pilots in the past have been compared with him, and they heretofore had been regarded as the three greatest fighting aviators in the world—Pegoud, Garros and Guilbert.

Guynemer is serving in the army as a volunteer. Strangely enough, he had the utmost difficulty in being admitted into the service.

Five successive times the young man tried to enter the army, going to different parts of the country to present himself and each time he was rejected. Finally he insisted on installing himself at the aviation grounds, and after showing his worth he was admitted into the army.

His Unprecedented Feat.

In a brief period he has performed the remarkable and unprecedented feat of bringing down six of the most formidable German machines.

In seven months Guynemer has passed from private soldier to sergeant, has won the military medal, has been made Knight of the Legion of Honor, and has received the War Cross with four bars. Such an accumulation of honors for one soldier is unique in the annals of the present war.

The young man's duties have consisted in chasing enemy machines and in escorting French aeroplane squadrons on bombing expeditions. A description of his latest exploit indicates his methods of operation.

While cruising up and down the German lines he noted a German machine which apparently had the intention of passing over into the French section. Retiring a little, in order to hide himself from the view of the larger enemy machine which was coming up, he suddenly cut across the latter's line of retreat, and at once opened the duel.

The German fought valiantly, but Guynemer, after firing a few shots, succeeded in placing a bullet in the gasoline tank of the Fokker. An explosion occurred and flames surrounded the German machine.

Both pilot and observer rose up from their seats in an attitude of anguish and bewilderment. Their machine was slipping down from beneath them, a veritable funeral pyre; and Guynemer accompanied it until he saw it fall on the ground, a mass of ruins, at a point near Herbecourt.

George Guynemer is a Parisian. His father is engaged in the manufacturing business at Compiegne. When the war began the young man was studying in Paris and was living with his grandmother. The latter speaks with pride of her grandson.

His Young Ambition.

"George is just twenty-one years of age, as he was born on Christmas day—that is perhaps what has brought him good luck. When he succeeded in entering the army he was sent to the aviation school at Pau, where he was perfected in the profession which he had chosen."

"In this connection I can tell a little secret about him. George already had been known to his father. Some boys hope to be engine drivers or policemen when they grow up, but George for years had said he would be an aviator. His father did not wish to encourage him in his idea, but as he was living with me, I could not very well oppose his desires. I said nothing to his father and used to give George a little money to go to the aviation grounds."

"Since he became a soldier he comes to see me occasionally and tells me of his exploits. He never boasts and indeed he talks but little. I have to question him on the work he does and on the dangers that he runs, for although I have the greatest confidence in him, I cannot at times help feeling a little anxious about him. He invariably says to me, 'Grandmother, it is very amusing. I just imagine that I am out with a gun and following up the game. Suddenly I shoot, the animal is struck and falls. Really, it is not at all difficult.'"

"That is the way he tells the story. He is the son of soldiers. His great-grandfather received the Legion of Honor at twenty-three years of age. He took part in the campaign in Spain and it was General Hugo, father of Victor Hugo, who decorated him."

"His grandfather, my husband, was decorated for his military services in Algeria, and my son, George's father, also was an officer. But George himself has been decorated youngest of all of them, and, would you believe it, he did not tell me of the fact."

The Legion of Honor.

"He came here one day and I looked at him closely, for my eyesight has become very poor. On the left side of his uniform in a confused way, I noticed something. 'George,' I said, 'you have earned your uniform.'"

"Very calmly he replied, 'Why no, grandmothere, that is the Legion of Honor.'"

"Thus the young man has been described by the person who knows him perhaps best of all."

The French newspapers for some time have been very anxious to obtain permission to mention the name of the new brilliant aviator, but this was forbidden, as the censorship does not allow the names of the aviators to be mentioned except in the rarest of cases. The citation in the official communication, however, opened the way for making George Guynemer known and honored throughout France.

A mention in orders of a brigade, a division, an army corps and of the entire army is cherished by the soldier as a succession of very high distinctions, but to attain to mention in what is called an "order of the nation" means that the military authorities consider the individual mentioned as heroic and as serviceable to the nation in the very highest degree.

Among the hundreds of brilliant aviators in the French service scores are men of the very highest qualities as pilots, fighters and observers. But once in a while a man emerges who has peculiar qualities that put him in a special class, qualities of initiative, extraordinary capacity for sudden and accurate decisions and a genius for strategic and tactical maneuvers.

Such were Pegoud, who lost his life in a struggle of reckless bravery; Garros, who was taken prisoner by the Germans; and Guilbert, who, having been forced to come down inside Swiss territory, has been interned there as a prisoner.

Great Aviators in Captivity.

Garros is kept under such close watch in Germany that there is no prospect of his taking any further part in the war. Guilbert on August 21 last made his escape from Switzerland and reached Paris, but he was sent back by the French authorities, as there was a question of his having violated his parole in escaping.

## HIS LIFE FOR BOAT

Commander Tried to Expedite Trip Up Tigris.

Ch. ps at Cable Turke Stretched Across River Until, Wounded Seven Times, He Has to Turn Back.

London.—How Lieutenant Commander Edgar Christopher Cookson, in command of the British Gunboat Comet, during the advance up the Tigris river, attempted, single handed to cut a steel cable which the Turks had stretched across the river as an obstruction is vividly told by a letter which one of the crew wrote to his mother and which was recently published in the English newspapers. While trying to cut the cable the gallant commander was shot seven times and died soon after reaching the deck of his vessel again. For his gallantry he received the Victoria Cross.

In his letter the seaman explains that the Turks were heavily entrenched not far from Ali Gharbi. "During the time that we were bombarding them," he writes, "some of our troops and cavalry went inland to try to surround them. They nearly succeeded, but found the enemy a little too strong, though they captured 1,500 prisoners and about twenty guns. Just as it was getting dark our seaplane dropped on the water alongside us and told Lieutenant Commander Cookson that the Turks were on the run."

"A little further up the river they had placed obstructions so that we could not pass without clearing them away, giving them time to get away. This turned out to be the liveliest time I have had since the fighting started. Commander Cookson decided to go up and clear the obstruction and then give chase to the Turks. It was very dark when we started off with the Shalhan and Sumana following."

"When we got around the head of and the Turks opened fire with rifles, but we steamed right up to the obstruction. The Turks were then close enough to throw hand bombs, but luckily none of them reached the deck of the ship. The obstruction turned out to be a big cable stretched across the river with dhow made fast to it. An attempt was made to sink the center dhow with gunfire, but when this failed the commander ordered that we steam alongside of it."

"Commander Cookson, when he saw that the boat could not be sunk by firing, took an ax and leaped over the bows of the Comet on to the dhow. He chopped at the cable until he had to turn back, he was so badly wounded. He was shot in seven places, and when we dragged him back aboard his last words were, 'I am done. It is a failure. Return at full speed. I never spoke afterward. We had six wounded, but none seriously.'"

"During that time we had not been silent. We fired at them with guns and rifles, and the Shalhan and the Sumana were also blazing away. Our troops ashore said it was a lovely sight to see the vessels with all their guns working. We must have frightened the Turks, because on going up again at daylight after burying our officer we found that they had cleared out and retired further up the river. We steamed after them, and when we reached Kut-el-Amara we found the cavalry there. This is the first place to which the army has got before the navy. Subsequently we received orders to pursue the flying Turks and forced the enemy to leave several dhow laden with stores, provisions and ammunition."

Girls to Live 100 Years

All They Have to Do is Observe Little List of Rules Laid Down by Club.

Los Angeles.—Miss Ethel Monette and Miss Rita La Beau have organized a "Girls' Club to Live One Hundred Years" here.

So far only seven Los Angeles girls have had the nerve to join. All members must subscribe and live up to the following rules:

Rise at dawn. Walk around the block, twice before breakfast.

Drink buttermilk before eating. Avoid hot cakes, coffee, ham, bacon and strong distilled water. Work outdoors among flowers, smiling, laughing, singing. Never get "mad," never lie, keep late hours or snore; take a nap every afternoon.

\$2.50 FOR FUNERAL SERMON

Man Arranges Details for His Obsequies and Names Hymns to Be Sung.

Reading, Pa.—"Good sermons" for his funeral at \$2.50 a sermon were ordered by William H. S. Moyer, who died here recently and whose will has been filed for probate. All the provisions in the will were carried out to the letter.

Mr. Moyer left a large estate and he made 11 small bequests to churches, colleges, orphanages and cemetery companies. He named the kind of coffin he wanted and the text of his funeral sermon. The hymns were specified. One was "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Two clergymen were named. In case one became ill or refused to preach the sermon for \$2.50 a substitute was provided.

FIND USES FOR NITER CAKE

English Textile Manufacturers Bleach Linen With Product Hitherto Considered Waste.

London.—Niter cake, a waste material produced in enormous quantities in the manufacture of nitric acid, has been found to be a useful product in the woolen industry and calico bleaching. A solution of the cake can be used as a substitute for sulphuric acid or any mineral acid in chemical processes where acidity alone is required.

Their Only Way.

Those bathing-suit girls whose pictures are printed in the newspapers may not be devoid of modesty, as they appear to be, and perhaps that is the only way they can crowd out the moving picture actresses.—Oklahoma Times

made their returns. Women now predominate in factories, which they entered before the war, and work metal lathes and drills quite like old hands.

109,000 WOMEN WORKERS

Figures Show Large Number of Englishmen Released for Army Service.

London.—Over 109,000 women up to now have taken the places of men in British industrial life, releasing as many men for service in the army. These figures have been compiled by the statistical department of the board of trade and fall short of the correct total, as many firms have not yet made their returns.

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## NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

Monument Drive Beauty Plans Revive Stories

WASHINGTON.—The grounds surrounding the base of the Washington monument may be beautified still further by the setting out there of a screen of evergreens and other shrubbery, as the result of the eighty-second annual meeting of the Washington National Monument society. Also,